

MAY

No. 10

10¢

SMASH COMICS



ESPIONAGE



WINGS
WENDALL



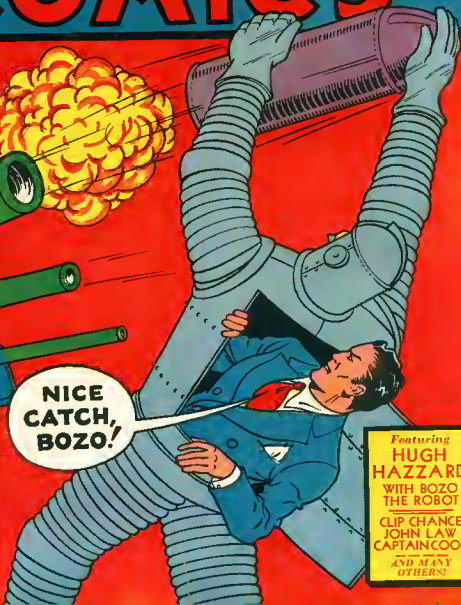
INVISIBLE
JUSTICE



CHIC CARTER



NICE
CATCH,
BOZO!



Featuring
**HUGH
HAZZARD**
WITH BOZO
THE ROBOT
CLIP CHANCE
JOHN LAW
CAPTAIN COOK
AND MANY
OTHERS!



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

ANNOUNCING

The Sensational New Daisy

1000-SHOT

RED RYDER

CARBINE

License by Stephen Slesinger Inc., New York



out of the Golden West...
RED RYDER brings YOU this beautiful
New GOLDEN-BANDED DAISY

NOW READY—Daisy's brand new, big, 1000-shot RED RYDER CARBINE... the gun with the Golden Bands... the gun with the Carbine KING... the gun with RED RYDER'S name, picture, and horse "Thunder" branded on the stock... the NEW gun YOUVE SIMPLY GOT TO GET! Picture yourself riding the range with this husky RED RYDER CARBINE loaded in your saddle with that authentic Carbine KING... loading her up with 1000 shots in just 26 seconds... firing a shot through the Adjustable DOUBLE-PUTCH Snap Sight, "WANG! BANG! BANG!" as fast as you can work the CARBINE COCKING LEVER... as in ONE THOUSAND SHOTS without ever reloading! Buy, what FUN! What a great Carbine... a REAL Western Carbine The kind you'll see in Western Movies and on the range. Find Her name in every article who owns the authentic RED RYDER, come which need to look a horse and carry a Carbine "out on West ground"—and find help of Daisy design this new, beautiful RED RYDER CARBINE. So, it looks real! It looks real! And there with a double Carbine PARRY! How happy you'll be with this beautiful, Genuine Western RED RYDER CARBINE! Don't miss now in your nearest hardware, sporting goods or department store—and BUY IT! (Remember—Gentlemen!) This big, new, 1000-SHOT RED RYDER CARBINE costs you only \$4.65! 21 shot Dealer is sold out (or there's no Daisy Dealer near you) send the \$2.50 deposit to us and we'll mail you a RED RYDER CARBINE in two POSTPAYS!

2.50 **The Popular**
500 SHOT LIGHTNING-LOADER CARBINE

This is Daisy's original Carbine Carbine, featuring Lightning-Loader front and Adjustable DOUBLE-PUTCH SNAP SIGHT! If you can't afford the

DAISY AIR RIFLES
FREE CATALOG And get Picture all Daisy from \$1.00 to \$5.00!

MY NEW LIGHTNING-LOADER REPEATER HAS A HEAP'N NEW FEATURES—LOOK 'EM OVER!

- CARBINE KING**... the only its title in the world with genuine Western Style Carbine King engraved on jacket!
- 1000-SHOT**... The First 1000 shot repeating Carbine in its title history!
- GOLDEN BANDS**... the first and only Daisy with Golden Bands... as muzzle and hand-hold... specializing "The Golden West"!
- RED RYDER BRANDED STOCK**... Red Ryder's official signature, picture, and horse "Thunder" are all branded into Carbine Stock!
- LIGHTNING-LOADER**... the only 1000-Shot Daisy with Lightning Loader front-end!
- LONGER BARREL**... Red Ryder Carbine barrel is 3 inches longer than Daisy's original 500 shot Lightning Loader Carbine!
- FULL-LENGTH HAND-HOLD**... long, super-hardy, non-curved authentic Carbine Hand Hold!
- COCKING-LEVER**... Authentic Western Carbine LEVER as used in Western Carbiners.
- FINISH**... Patent Grip Stock and hand hold in rich walnut finish. Metal parts blued finish golden-colored.
- IT'S A DAISY**... Guaranteed genuine Daisy Quality and Performance! Buy Made in Canada.

IT'S REALLY YOURS
for only \$2.95

USE DAISY BULLS EYE SHOT
big JUMBO FUN

Get genuine Daisy made! CHAMBER, REM-UM, 1000 SHOT. For big loads, accuracy, speed, and in Daisy Red Ryder Air Rifle. It's BORN at your Dealer.



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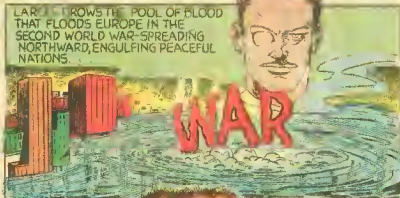
THE WORLD'S GREATEST SECRET AGENT

ESPIONAGE

STARRING THE BLACK X

THE EVENTS HEREIN PORTRAYED ARE

BASED ON NEWSPAPER REPORTS.



LAR TROWS TH POOL OF BLOOD THAT FLOODS EUROPE IN THE SECOND WORLD WAR-SPREADING NORTHWARD, ENGULFING PEACEFUL NATIONS.



IN RUSSIA, A HOARSE VOICE BELLOWS... WE MUST DEFEN OURSELVES FROM FINLAND!



AND THE BEAR THAT WALKS LIKE A MAN HURLS ITS MIGHT ON THE TINY DEMOCRACY.



OUT OF THE MOUTH THAT ONCE CRIED INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD, NOW COME ORDERS TO MARCHING TROOPS, AND COMMANDS TO KILL AND LAY WASTE...



BUT WITH VALOR, THE FINNS DEFEND THEIR HOMES.

IN AMERICA, DEEP INTEREST AND SYMPATHY SPREADS FOR THE LITTLE DEMOCRACY.

US GIVES MILLION DOLLAR LOAN TO FINLAND

GIGANT CREDIT GIVEN TO FINLAND BY U.S. TREASURY!



MONEY ARMS GATHER AT ALL PORTS FOR SHIPMENT TO FINLAND.

A Maple River Scan

AN EXCELLENT SITUATION FOR
US SPIES, EH,
COMMISSIONER
CARREL?
WILL YOU
JOIN US?



YOU SEE AS COMMISSIONER OF FINNISH AID YOU CAN SUPPLY
US WITH THE PLACE AND DATE OF SHIPMENT... WE'LL
SELL THE INFORMATION TO RUSSIA
FOR A GOOD
PRICE!



SO THAT'S
WHAT YOU
BROUGHT ME HERE
FOR.. I'LL NOT DO IT!

I ADVISE YOU TO THINK IT
OVER, MY FRIEND... THINK
IT OVER CAREFULLY!



AND I ADVISE YOU TO LEAVE
THIS COUNTRY AS SOON
AS YOU CAN
GOOD DAY!



AXEL, WE MUST DO SOME-
THING ABOUT
THAT MAN!



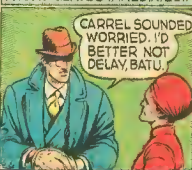
DEFINITELY!

AT HIS HOME, COMMISSIONER
CARREL PHONES BLACK X BY
SECRET WIRE..



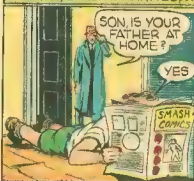
I MUST SEE YOU
AT ONCE!

THE WORLD FAMOUS SECRET
AGENT LEAVES IMMEDIATELY!



CARREL SOUNDED
WORRIED.. I'D
BETTER NOT
DELAY, BATU.

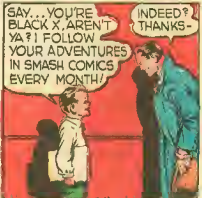
SHORTLY, BLACK X ARRIVES...



SON, IS YOUR
FATHER AT
HOME?

YES

SAY... YOU'RE
BLACK X, AREN'T
YA? I FOLLOW
YOUR ADVENTURES
IN SMASH COMICS
EVERY MONTH!



INDEED?
THANKS-

COULD YOU
TELL ME
WHAT YOUR
NEXT
ADVENTURE
IS?

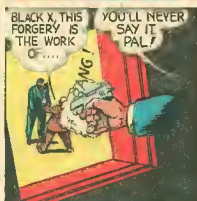
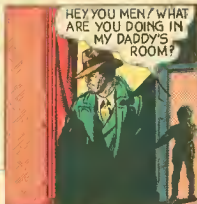


SORRY BUT THAT
WOULDN'T BE
FAIR!

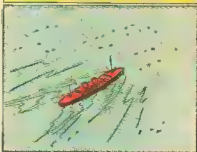
AH! THERE YOU ARE
BLACK X... RUN UP TO
BED TOMMY



YES,
DAD



THUS, WITH A STRANGE CARGO
THE SHIP STEAMS OUT OF NEW
YORK HARBOUR AND HEADS
TOWARD THE WAR ZONE...



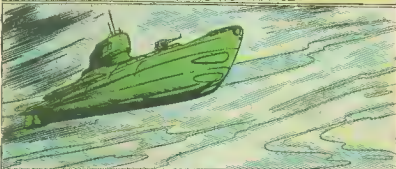
IN A CABIN, FIGURES SIT
HUDDLED OVER A PORTABLE
RADIO SET...



YOU'RE TELLING I KEEP YER
A U-BOAT OUR TRAP SHUT
POSITION SO IT KID OR I'LL
CAN SINK US! SLUG YA!
YOU...



FOLLOWING CLOSELY, BEHIND, LIKE AN IRON MONSTER OF THE
SEA, THE ENEMY U-BOAT AWAITS ITS CHANCE!



AGENT D-4
SAYS TO
ATTACK
NOW!

GOOD! FULL
SPEED
AHEAD!



WHILE ON THE SHIP AN OLD MAN
PAUSES OUTSIDE THE CABIN
WHERE THE BOY IS HELD...



I THOUGHT I SAW
SOMEONE AT
THE DOOR!



SUDDENLY THE OLD MAN
SPRINGS WITH AMAZING SPEED!



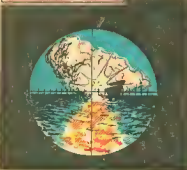
HERE'S ONE FOR THE MURDER
OF CARREL!



AND ANOTHER FOR TOMMY'S
ABDUCTION!



AT THIS MOMENT THE SUB FIRES
ITS FIRST TORPEDO.



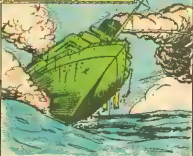
ON THE SHIP.

QUICK, KID! PUT ON THIS
ASBESTOS HOOD AND
COME WITH ME!

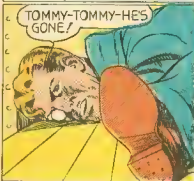


THE TORPEDO BLAST SENDS BLACK
X REELING AGAINST A DOOR. HE FALLS.

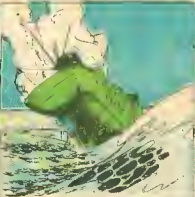
A FEW MINUTES LATER AGENT
D-4 DIVES OVERBOARD WITH
TOMMY IN HIS ARMS.



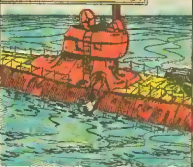
ON BOARD BLACK X RECOVERS...



TOMMY-TOMMY-HE'S
GONE!



THE SPY AND TOMMY ARE PICKED
UP BY THE ENEMY SUB.



INSIDE THE SUB.



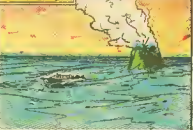
THANKS BALKOR-THOSE
ASBESTOS SUITS
WERE SINKING
US!

OUR NEXT
PORT IS
HELSINKI!
WE WILL
DROP
YOU
THERE!

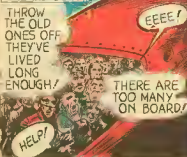
HELSINKI? I MUST LEAVE
A CLUE THERE FOR BLACK
X! ONCE INSIDE RUSSIA, HE'LL
NEVER BE ABLE TO
SAVE
ME!



THE U-BOAT SUBMERGES, LEAVING
THE WRECK. UNDER BLACK X'S
COMMAND, A MOTOR LAUNCH
IS SAVED AND SURVIVORS ARE
PICKED UP.



LOADED TO THE GUNWALES WITH
FRANTIC PASSENGERS, PANIC
BREAKS OUT.



THROW
THE OLD
ONES OFF
THEY'VE
LIVED
LONG
ENOUGH!

EEEE!

THERE ARE
TOO MANY
ON BOARD!

HELP!

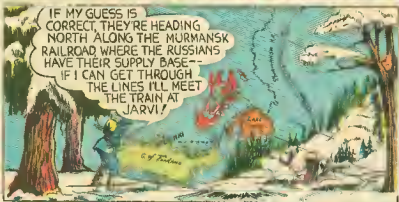
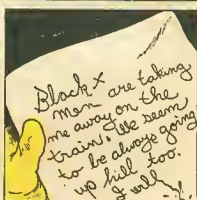
BLACK X RISES IN THE STERN...

STOP! SIT DOWN ALL OF YOU!
WE'RE ONLY 100 MILES
FROM LAND! IF YOU
ALL SIT STILL
WE'LL GET
THERE IN
SAFETY!

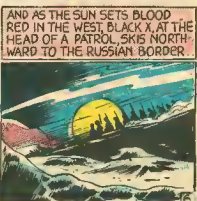
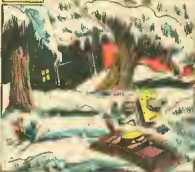


COWED BY HIS EVEN VOICE, THE
SURVIVORS QUIET DOWN, AND
THE LAUNCH CHUGS AWAY INTO
THE NIGHT.





HE IS BROUGHT TO A CONCEALED BASE.



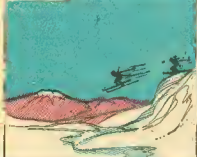
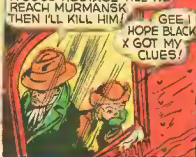
MEANWHILE, HUGGING ALONG THE BORDER, A NORTHBOUND TRAIN STRUGGLES UP A STEEP GRADE.

TWO PASSENGERS SIT IN DEEP THOUGHT.

THIS KID'LL SERVE AS A GOOD HOSTAGE TILL WE REACH MURMANSK THEN I'LL KILL HIM!

GEE I HOPE BLACK X GOT MY CLUES!

MILES AWAY THE PATROL RACES MADLY OVER THE HARD PACKED SNOW!!



THEY ARE SIGHTED BY A RUSSIAN DETACHMENT!



THE FINNS GIVE BATTLE.

BAH! THERE ARE A HUNDRED OF THEM, AND THEY HAVE A POWER SLED!

AN ARMORED TANK ON SKIS! WE CAN HOLD THEM OFF!



BUT THAT'LL MEAN HOURS OF DELAY. WE MUST MEET THAT TRAIN. I'LL STOP THEM WITH A SNOWBALL!

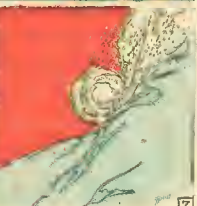
HA, HA! GOOD JOKE!



THE RUSSIANS SWARM UP THE HILL.



ON A CLIFF OVERLOOKING THE BATTLE, BLACK X STARTS HIS 'SNOWBALL' DOWN THE HILL...



WITH THE FORCE OF A SPEEDIN' EXPRESS, THE SNOWBALL SMASHES INTO THEIR MIDST BREAKING UP THEIR ATTACK!



ONCE AGAIN THE PATROL SKIMS ON ITS WAY...



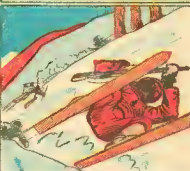
AT LAST, AFTER HARD TRAVEL, THEY ARRIVE BUT A RUSSIAN CAMP GUARDS THE RAIL!



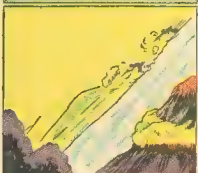
THEY OUT-NUMBER US, THEY ARE FEASTING A SURPRISE ATTACK WILL EVEN THE ODDS!



LIKE ARROWS, THE FINNS ZOOM SILENTLY OVER THE SNOW...



AND FIRING AS THEY DESCEND, THEY SWOOP ON THE CAMP!



A RUSSIAN MACHINE GUN TEARS THEIR RANKS...



BUT THE FINNS BATTLE FIERCELY



THE CAMP FALLS...NOT EVEN ONE RUSSIAN SOLDIER SURVIVES!!

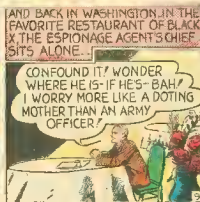
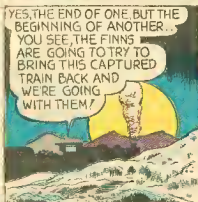
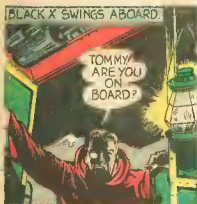


BRING THAT RUSSIAN FIELD CANNON HERE, QUICKLY. THE TRAIN IS COMING!

STOP THE TRAIN! IF YOU ATTEMPT TO RESIST, WE'LL OPEN FIRE WITH THIS FIELD CANNON!



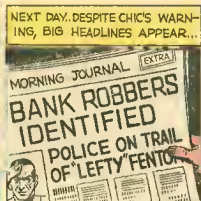
I'M GOING ABOARD, KNUTE

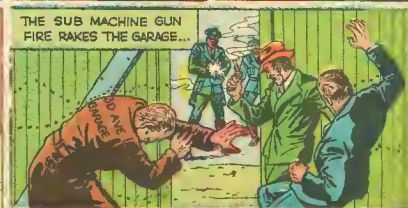
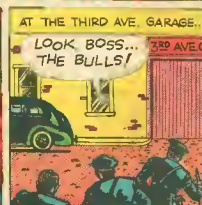
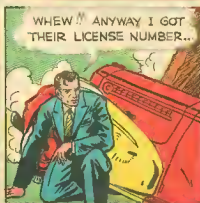
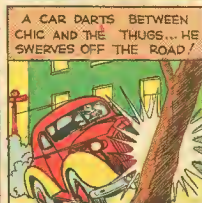
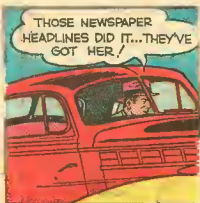


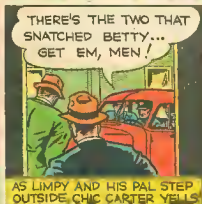
CHIC CARTER

ACE REPORTER







CLIP CHANCE

YOU ALL
SET FOR
THE GAME
TODAY, CLIP?

YES
SPUD...



..AND WE'RE GOING TO
HAVE TO BE GOOD TO
BEAT THIS TILTON
COLLEGE NINE!



YES... I HEAR THEY HAVE
A PITCHER AND A CATCHER
WHO ARE GOING TO THE
YANKS AFTER GRADUATION!



THEY HAVEN'T LOST A GAME
SINCE THEY ENTERED
TILTON... SPUD, IT LOOKS
LIKE WE'RE IN FOR
IT TODAY!!



A Marble River, Scan

AT THE SAME TIME, IN A
SMALL HOTEL NOT FAR FROM
THE COLLEGE....



SLUG, I DON'T LIKE THE IDEA
OF YOU SINKIN' ALL OUR
DOUGH ON CLIFFSIDE TO
WIN... THEY CAN'T
BEAT TILTON!

LISSEN, AT THEM ODDS IT'S
WORTH THE CHANCE! ANYWAY
I'M GONNA SEE THAT
TILTON PITCHER DON'T
GET TOO
GOOD!



YOU MEAN
YOU'RE
GONNA..

NO, YOU
CHUMP!!



I'M JUS' GONNA "NICK"
HIM IF HE GETS TOO GOOD..
SO HE WON'T BE ABLE
TO PITCH!



I DON'T LIKE
IT SLUG.. GUNS
AIN'T IN MY
LINE!!



DON'T WORRY, DUTCH..
I GOT IT ALL FIGURED
OUT.. AN' IT'S A
CINCH!!



AND IN
THE
CLIFFSIDE
LOCKER-
ROOM,
JUST
BEFORE
THE GAME..

I DON'T NEED TO TELL YOU BOYS HOW
GOOD BEAN AND BARTNET ARE, BUT I'LL
SAY THIS...YOU'LL HAVE TO BE ON YOUR
TOES EVERY MINUTE IF YOU HAVE ANY
THOUGHTS OF WINNING THIS GAME....
NOW, GO OUT AND FIGHT!!



CLIP IS THE LAST TO LEAVE
THE DRESSING ROOM AND HE
OVERHEARS....

BUT THE
NOISE, SLUG!

DON'T WORRY...
I GOT A
SILENCER ON IT!



CLIP!!
STEP ON
IT!

OKAY
COACH...



"SILENCER"?? ... I
GUESS I'M JUST
LOOKING FOR
TROUBLE...



THE GAME IS ON!
THE FIRST MAN UP FOR
TILTON STRIKES OUT....

STRIKE
THREE!



THE SECOND MAN WALKS..



THE NEXT MAN UP SMASHES
OUT A LONG, HIGH ONE...



BUT IS CAUGHT NAPPING...



CLIP PLAYING DEEP
CENTER, LEAPS HIGH AND
SNARES IT FOR THE THIRD
OUT....



YA KNOW, SLUG.. I'LL
HAFTA "WING" THAT GUY IF
HE KEEPS HITTIN' LIKE
THAT!... I'M GONNA GET
WHERE I CAN PICK THE
TILTON GUYS OFF....



IN THE SIXTH INNING THE
SCORE IS 0 TO 0... 2 ARE OUT
AND CLIP IS AT BAT... HERE
IS THE PITCH....



...HE LACES OUT A DOUBLE...



...THE NEXT CLIFFSIDE MAN
UP HAS TWO STRIKES ON HIM..



BEAN, THE TILTON ACE,
STARTS HIS WIND-UP...



...AND THE CLIFFSIDE MAN
GOES DOWN SWINGING... THE
WINNING RUN LEFT ON
SECOND BASE....



...AT THE SAME TIME SLUG
IS PERCHED IN A TREE JUST
PAST CENTER FIELD....



I HOPE I'M AS GOOD WITH
THIS ROD AS I THINK I AM...
I ONLY WANTA "PINK" HIM..
AN' NOT BAD...



..BEAN LETS OUT A YELL
AND FALLS!!



STAND BACK...
GIVE HIM
AIR!

H-H HE WAS
SHOT!



C'MON...
LET'S
SCRAM,
SLUG!

NIX!! THIS WAY
WE WON'T BE
SUSPECTED...

HMM



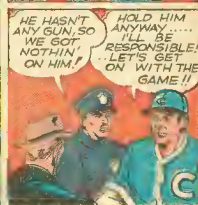
ARREST
THAT MAN,
OFFICER...AND
SEARCH HIM
FOR A
GUN!

SURE... GO
AHEAD... I
AIN'T DONE
NOTHIN'!



HE HASN'T
ANY GUN, SO
WE GOT
NOTHIN'
ON HIM!

HOLD HIM
ANYWAY...
I'LL BE
RESPONSIBLE!
...LET'S GET
ON WITH THE
GAME!!



IN THE EIGHTH, CLIP COMES TO BAT WITH TWO OUT AND SLAMS OUT A HOME RUN!

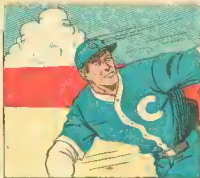


THE NEXT MAN UP IS THROWN OUT AT FIRST AND CLIFFSIDE LEADS, 1 TO 0...

TILTON IS AT BAT FOR THE LAST TIME... TWO ARE AWAY AND DICK ARNOLD IS SENT IN TO PINCH HIT...



HE SENDS THE BALL DEEP INTO CENTER...



CLIP RACES BACK... BACK!

...THE BALL FALLS INTO THE TREE WHERE SLUG HAD BEEN SITTING!



...ANXIOUSLY, CLIP WAITS FOR THE BALL TO DROP...



HE'S ROUNDING THIRD... IF I MISS THIS, THE SCORE IS TIED!



IN ONE HAND CLIP CATCHES A GUN... IN THE OTHER, THE BALL... FOR THE THIRD OUT... AND CLIFFSIDE WINS... 1 TO 0...



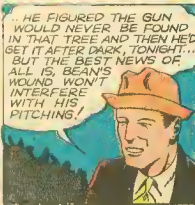
I'LL BET THIS IS THE GUN THAT GUY USED TO SHOOT BEAN!



LATER...

COACH, I HEAR THAT BIRD CONFESSED AFTER THEY FOUND HIS FINGER-PRINTS ON THE GUN...

YES



... HE FIGURED THE GUN WOULD NEVER BE FOUND IN THAT TREE AND THEN HE'D GET IT AFTER DARK, TONIGHT... BUT THE BEST NEWS OF ALL IS, BEAN'S WOUND WON'T INTERFERE WITH HIS PITCHING!

PHILPOT VEEP

IN THE
EPISODE
OF THE
UNINVITED
WEDDING GUEST

PHILPOT, I WISH
YOU'D LET ME
SOLVE A CASE
ONCE IN AWHILE!

DO YOU,
WALDO?

YES, I STUDIED
YOUR METHODS AND
I BELIEVE I'VE
MASTERED THEM...

REALLY,
WALDO?

THERE'S THE BELL!
IF THIS IS A CLIENT,
GIVE ME A CHANCE TO
SOLVE THE PROBLEM!

RIGHTO

GOOD EVENING - I
WOULD LIKE TO SEE
MISTER PHILPOT VEEP.

CERTAINLY -
I DO HOPE
YOUR PROBLEM
IS COMPLEX!

PHILPOT, THIS LADY
HAS A PROBLEM
FOR ME!

VERY WELL,
MADAM--
PLEASE
STATE
YOUR CASE

IT'S MY HUSBAND'S STRANGE
BEHAVIOR, GENTLEMEN! IT
HAS ME VERY WORRIED...

-- HE INSISTS ON ATTENDING
WEDDINGS--HE RUSHES ALL
OVER TOWN TO WEDDINGS--
ANYBODY'S WEDDING!

WEDDINGS, EH? --HMMM--
TELL US, MADAM, HOW
IS YOUR HUSBAND'S
FINANCIAL
STANDING?

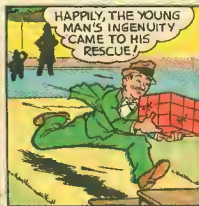
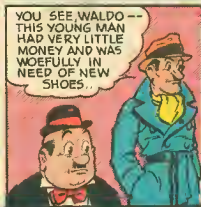
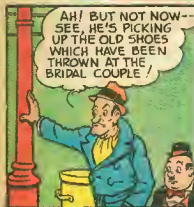
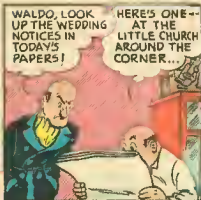
VERY POOR,
SIR-- VERY
POOR INDEED

AH! I HAVE IT SOLVED
ALREADY, PHILPOT--
LISTEN, THE LADY'S
HUSBAND IS TOO POOR--

-- TO EVEN BUY FOOD--
SO HE GOES TO WEDDINGS
AND SWEEPS UP THE RICE
WHICH IS THROWN-- THEN
HE BRINGS IT HOME
AND THEY HAVE
RICE PUDDING--
VERY SIMPLE!


BUT HE NEVER
BRINGS ANY
RICE HOME!

OH--
NO
RICE?




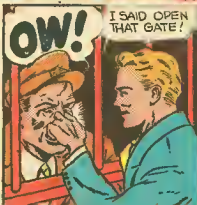
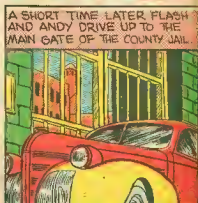
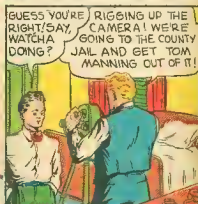
Flash FULTON

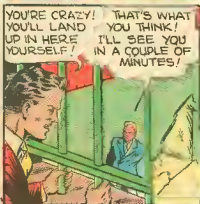
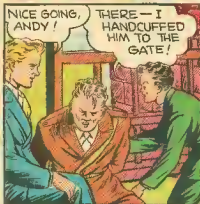
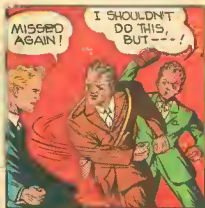
NEWSREEL ACE
by PAUL GUSTAVSON



TOM MANNING MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARS

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF TOM MANNING IS STILL A BAFFLING MYSTERY TO THE POLICE AS NO CLUES HAVE BEEN FOUND. IT IS SAID THAT THE YOUNG ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY HAD BEEN CONDUCTING AN INVESTIGATION OF THE CONDITIONS IN THE COUNTY JAIL.



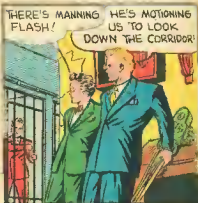


THIS OUGHT TO HOLD YOU!



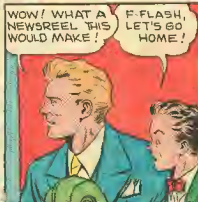
THANKS FOR THE KEYS, PAL! GIVE ME THE CAMERA, ANDY!

☆ GULP ☆
HERE!



THERE'S MANNING HE'S MOTIONING US TO LOOK DOWN THE CORRIDOR!

AS FLASH LOOKS AROUND THE CORNER, HE SEES SEVERAL MEN GROUPED AROUND A TABLE PLAYING CARDS.



WOW! WHAT A NEWSREEL THIS WOULD MAKE!

F-FLASH, LET'S GO HOME!

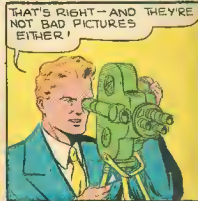


WHY THE CRAZY GOOF -- HE'S GOING RIGHT OUT IN FRONT WITH THAT CAMERA!

AIN'T THIS THE LIFE! THE FEDERAL MEN COULDN'T FIND US HERE IF THEY LOOKED ALL YEAR!



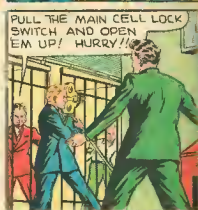
YOU SAID IT -- -HEY, BOSS! ME EYES MUST BE GOING ON THE BLINK! THERE'S A GUY TAKIN' PICTURES OF US OVER THERE!



THAT'S RIGHT--AND THEY'RE NOT BAD PICTURES EITHER!

AS FLASH SHOOTS THE GUARDS AND INMATES PLAYING CARDS.

A MOMENT LATER... A BEDLAM BREAKS OUT AS THE MEN SCRAMBLE UP FROM THE TABLE.



PULL THE MAIN CELL LOCK SWITCH AND OPEN EM UP! HURRY!!

QUICKLY, ANDY DIVES FOR THE LEVER WHICH OPENS THE CELLS!



TAKE THE FILMS AND RUN FOR THE CAR! WELL, CAMERA DO YOUR DUTY!



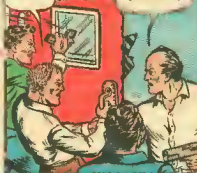
A SPLIT SECOND LATER...AND FLASH SENDS THE CAMERA CRASHING INTO THE THUGS.



I CAN USE THIS 'TOMMY-GUN' BOYS!



HE'S LOCKED US IN! BREAK TH GLASS!!



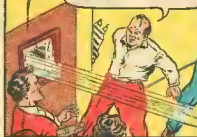
AS FLASH NEARS THE FRONT GATE BULLETS START WHIZZING PAST HIM!



INSTANTLY HE TURNS AND OPENS UP THE MACHINE GUN!



LOOK OUT! WE'RE SUNK! WITH THAT ASSISTANT D.A. OUT OF HERE THE FEDERAL MEN WILL BE HERE IN NO TIME!

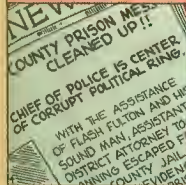


AT THAT MOMENT, THE GUNNERS RELEASED BY ANDY CLOSE IN ON THE GANG OF GUNMEN!

YES—AND WE'LL SEE THAT YOU STAY HERE UNTIL THEY GET HERE TOO! NOW, DROP THOSE GUNS!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER....



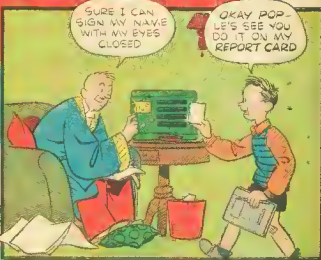
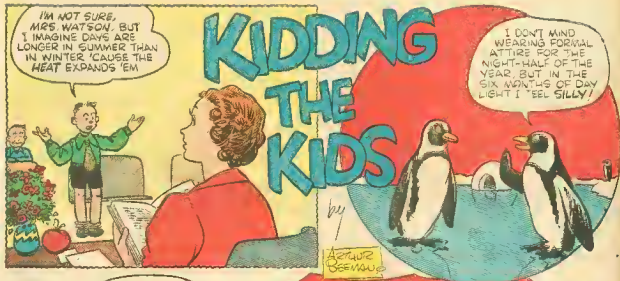
WELL, FLASH, THIS CITY IS PRETTY WELL CLEANED UP NOW! THERE'LL BE NO MORE 'FIXING' AROUND HERE!! PUFF-PUFF!! SAY, MR. MANNING, I JUST GOT A PARKING TICKET! COULD YOU ---



PARKING NEXT TO A FIRE HYDRANT, EH? \$10.00 FINE!!

GULP! B-BUT YOUR HONOR, I-I THOUGHT ---





Hugh Hazzard and his

IRON MAN

FEATURING—
BOZO THE ROBOT

BY WAYNE
REID



FLASH!—AT THIS MOMENT, A GOVERNMENT AGENT IS SPEEDING THE SECRET ARMS PACT PAPERS TO THE WAR DEPARTMENT IN WASHINGTON—



AND IN THE HOME OF HUGH HAZZARD, THE COUNTRY'S #1 CRIME BUSTER—

IF I DON'T MISS MY GUESS ONE OF THE WARRING NATIONS WILL TRY TO GET THOSE PAPERS—



NOTE—
THE TELERADIO IS ABLE TO PICK UP A PICTURE AT ANY DISTANCE, AND SHOULD A CONVERSATION BE GOING ON, THE VOICE IS SEPARATED FROM THE PICTURE BY MEANS OF A SUPER-SUPERICONSOCOPES, ENABLING HUGH TO HEAR AS WELL AS SEE WHAT IS GOING ON—

AT THE SAME TIME, IN THE HIDE-OUT OF THE DARMANIAN SPY, HEDR. GETZER—

YOU HEAR THAT??-- WE MUST GET THOSE PAPERS AT ANY COST--



—AND IF THAT AGENT IS SPEEDING TO WASHINGTON HE'LL TAKE THE SHORTEST ROUTE—
TAFT HIGHWAY--



SO FAR I SEE NOTHING BUT THE HIGHWAY—



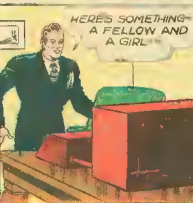
I KNOW THE ROAD HE WILL TAKE. AND I WANT YOU AND HERMAN TO BRING THE PAPERS AND THE AGENT BACK—
ALIVE!



I'LL TRY AND PICK HIM UP ON THE TELE-RADIO—THAT WAY I CAN WATCH HIM--



HERES SOMETHING—
A FELLOW AND
A GIRL





PEG, DARLING--
I LOVE YOU--

AND I
LOVE YOU,
JOHNNY

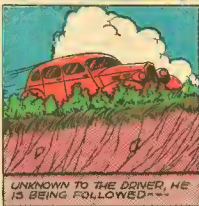


NOW, IF ALL THE WORLD
LOVED AS THOSE TWO DO
THERE WOULDN'T BE ANY
WADS --- THERE'S
A CAR! ---
LICENSE
NUMBER,
G-12 ---



AND ONLY GOVERNMENT
AGENTS ARE GIVEN THE
LETTER 'G' ON THEIR PLATES
I'LL WATCH THIS AWHILE

THE CAR SPEEDS ALONG THE
ROAD ---



UNKNOWN TO THE DRIVER, HE
IS BEING FOLLOWED ---

SUDDENLY HIS CAR IS FORCED
TO A STOP ---



GET OUT, AND
COME WITH US--



SURE - BUT
NOT WITHOUT
A FIGHT!

SPLAT



CRACK!

UGH!

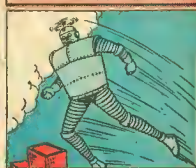


I'VE SEEN
ENOUGH--



BOZO--THERE'S
WORK TO BE
DONE --LET'S
GO!

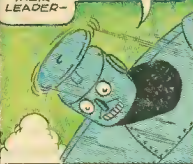
WITH A MIGHTY LEAP, HUGH
INSIDE THE ROBOT, IS OFF TO
HELP THE GOVERNMENT AGENT



A FEW MINUTES LATER BOZO
WATCHES THE SPY GANG DRIVE
OFF WITH THE UNCONSCIOUS AGENT



I WON'T ATTACK THESE BIRDS
--I'LL LET THEM LEAD ME TO
THEIR
LEADER--



KIDNAPPING A
GOVERNMENT MAN--
THIS MUST BE 'BIG'
STUFF--



HERMAN--I FEEL
LIKE WE ARE
BEING FOLLOWED--
Fritz--NO
ONE SAW
THIS!

IT'S YOUR
NERVES,
Fritz--NO
ONE SAW
US--



SUDDENLY THE CAR TURNS
INTO A SIDE ROAD---



..AND COMES TO A STOP--



ALL RIGHT--
GET OUT!--

STRAIGHT AHEAD--
AND NO MORE TRICKS,
MR. AGENT--



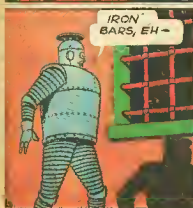
THEY'RE TAKING HIM IN
THAT OLD HOUSE--I'LL LAND
HERE AND WALK THE
REST OF THE
WAY--



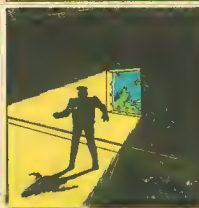
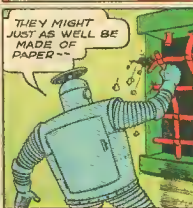
HMM--A
DISMAL LOOKING
PLACE--



IRON
BARS, EH--



THEY MIGHT
JUST AS WELL BE
MADE OF
PAPER--



THIS LOOKS
LIKE IT MIGHT
LEAD SOMEPLACE

SUDDENLY A GUARD SEES THE
ROBOT AND FIRES AT IT---

BANG
BANG

BUT THE BULLETS HAVE NO
EFFECT ON THE IRON MAN---

SOCK

VOICES-- COMING
FROM THAT ROOM--

THIS IS THE LAST KNIFE
MR. AGENT-- AND **THIS** TIME
I WON'T MISS--NOW GIVE
ME THE INFORMATION I
WANT!

NOPE, GETZER--
THROW AND BE---

WHY--
YOU---

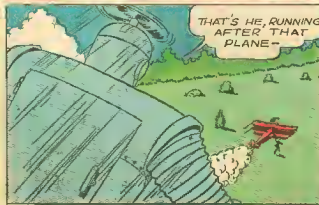
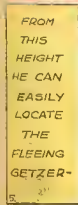
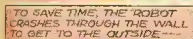
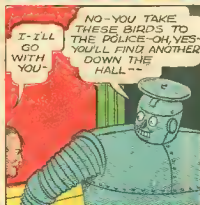
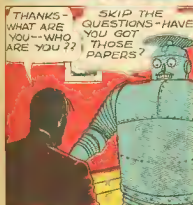
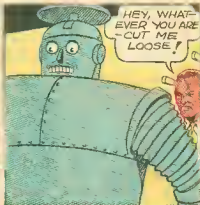
THE KNIFE CUTS THE AIR
STRAIGHT FOR THE G-MAN'S
HEART---

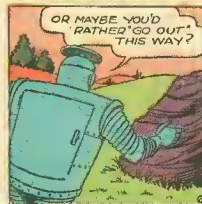
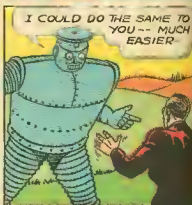
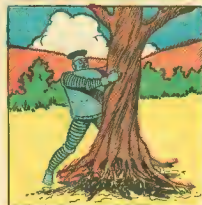
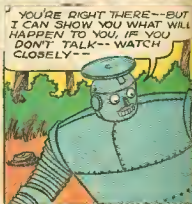
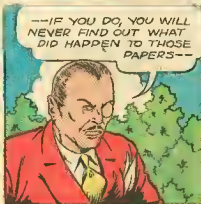
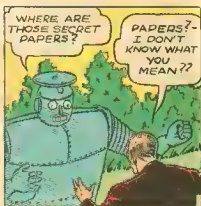
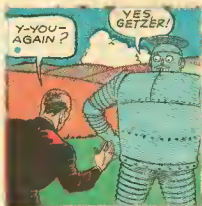
AND THE ROBOT RACES THE
BLADE TO ITS TARGET---

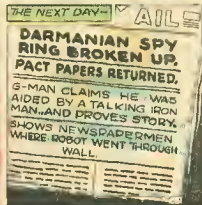
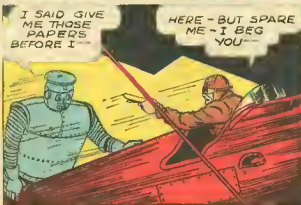
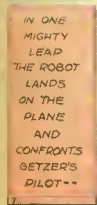
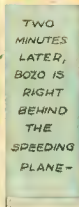
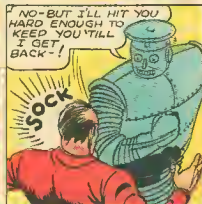
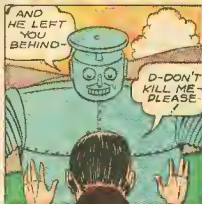
WHAT
TH'--?

CLINK

RUN, COMRADES--
ESCAPE---







Archie OTOOLE

By Bud Thomas

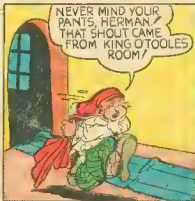
IT WAS THE NIGHT AFTER NEW YEAR'S AND NOT A SOUL WAS STIRRING... NOT EVEN HERMAN THE VERMIN!



SUDDENLY THE SILENT CORRIDORS RESOUND WITH A LOUD CRY!

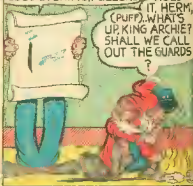


NEVER MIND YOUR PANTS, HERMAN! THAT SHOUT CAME FROM KING OTOOLE'S ROOM!



GOOD EVENING, FELLERS! HOLD UP!

(PUFF), WHAT'S UP, KING ARCHIE? SHALL WE CALL OUT THE GUARDS?



NO BOYS, I'VE JUST COMPLETED MY PLANS FOR A ROCKET SHIP!



OOH FOR THAT I WOKE UP!

YEH, AND I WAS DREAMING OF HEDY LAMARR!

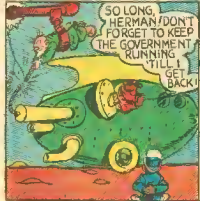
WHAT'LL WE DO? HE'S THE KING, WE GOTTA HUMOR HIM, VERMIN!



SO THE ROCKET SHIP IS BUILT! WE'LL HAVE 6 CYLINDER FIRECRACKER MOTOR!



SO LONG, HERMAN! DON'T FORGET TO KEEP THE GOVERNMENT RUNNING 'TILL I GET BACK!



WHEE! GG-GOSH I FORGOT
TO FIGURE OUT A WAY
TO STOP THIS !!



WHEW! THAT WAS
SOME LANDING!
WONDER WHAT PLANET
THIS IS-PROBABLY
VENUS--



AS ARCHIE WANDERS ABOUT,
NATIVES PEER FROM CRATERS.



HEY MAZIE, LOOK
WHAT JUST
LANDED IN
THAT VALLEY!

WHAT A
FIGURE! A
RED HEAD-
WOW!!!



HYA BABY
WHERE'S
YOUR
HUSBAND,
LADY? I'M--

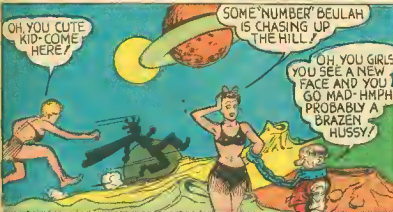
HUSBAND? OH I
FED HIM TO THE
LIONS A WEEK
AGO!



OH, YOU CUTE
KID-COME
HERE!

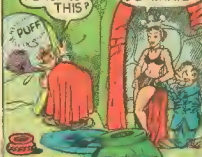
SOME 'NUMBER' BEULAH
IS CHASING UP
THE HILL!

OH YOU GIRLS!
YOU SEE A NEW
FACE AND YOU
GO MAD-HMPH-
PROBABLY A
BRAZEN
HUSSY!

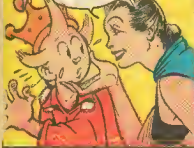


SAFE AT LAST!
GOSH, WHAT
KIND OF A
PLACE IS
THIS?

THIS IS THE
PLANET VENUS
AND WE WOMEN
DOMINATE!



I'M
KING
OTOOLE-
SAY I COULD USE AN-
OTHER HUSBAND! I'M
QUEEN
DEFROSTA-



AND I'M THE
FASTEST RUNNER
IN PYROMANIA!

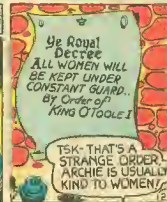


BACK HOME,
ONCE MORE!



Ye Royal
Decree
ALL WOMEN WILL
BE KEPT UNDER
CONSTANT GUARD..
by Order of
King OTOOLE I

TSK- THAT'S A
STRANGE ORDER.
ARCHIE IS USUALLY
KIND TO WOMEN!



CAPTAIN COOK

OF SCOTLAND YARD

"THE BAT MYSTERY"

FOR MONTHS A REIGN OF TERROR HAS BEEN FELT OVER A COUNTRYSIDE NEAR LONDON. A GIANT BAT HAS BEEN SEEN SWOOPING LOW OVER ROOFTOPS

IN EACH CASE A HOME IS ROBBED SHORTLY AFTER THE BAT SWOOPS OVER IT!!



THEN ONE DARK NIGHT THE BAT FLIES OVER GRAYSTONE MANOR, THE WEALTHIEST HOME IN THE COUNTRYSIDE...



H-HELLO...! SCOTLAND YARD? I'VE JUST SEEN THE BAT! YOU MUST HELP ME!



ONE HOUR LATER, CAPTAIN COOK AND THE CHIEF OF SCOTLAND YARD APPEAR AT GRAYSTONE MANOR...

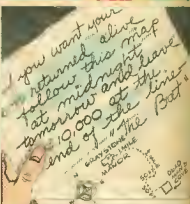
I SAW IT, GENTLEMEN!... THE BAT FLEW OVER THIS HOUSE!!



THAT'S MY SON'S VOICE!



HE'S GONE! LOOK! HERE'S A NOTE!



LOOK-HE'S FAINTED... YOU STAY HERE WITH HIM WHILE I GET SOME WATER, CHIEF!!



I'LL BE RIGHT BACK...



COOK QUICKLY RECOVERS FROM THE BLOW, TO FIND THE CHIEF AND THE MAN WHO HAD FAINTED STANDING OVER HIM...

I WENT TO GET YOU A GLASS OF WATER, BUT SOMEONE STRUCK ME!



IT MUST HAVE BEEN MY SON'S KIDNAPER THE BAT!



YOU MUST STAY HERE TONIGHT. I HAVE A FEELING I WON'T BE SAFE IF YOU GO BACK TO LONDON!

DON'T WORRY-- YOU'LL BE SAFE ENOUGH!

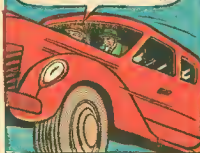


IF WE STAYED THERE TONIGHT EITHER OF US WOULD LIVE TO SEE THE DAWN, COOK!

YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT!



I'M GOING TO SOLVE THIS CASE, CHIEF-- I THINK THE BAT IS A HUMAN MADMAN!!

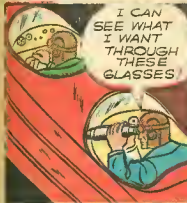


THE FOLLOWING DAY COOK TAKES A MYSTERIOUS PLANE RIDE...

FLY AT 5000 FEET-- I DON'T WANT THE PLANE TO BE TOO NOTICEABLE FROM BELOW--



I CAN SEE WHAT I WANT THROUGH THESE GLASSES



FLY OVER THAT CLUMP OF TREES-- OH-OH-- SOMEONE'S SHINING A GLARING LIGHT AT US!!



OUR MOTOR'S GONE HAYWIRE -- WHY-- IT'S ON FIRE!



MAYBE I CAN PUT IT OUT WITH A POWER DIVE!

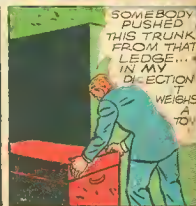
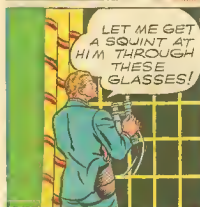
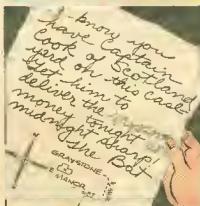


THE PILOT LOSES CONTROL. COOK JUMPS WITH A PARACHUTE, THEN THE PLANE CRASHES TO EARTH!



I THINK THIS WAS CAUSED BY THE BAT!





MIDNIGHT COMES--COOK PREPARES TO DELIVER THE RANSOM MONEY...

YOUR CHIEF RECEIVED AN IMPORTANT PHONE CALL AND LEFT FOR SCOTLAND YARD TWENTY MINUTES AGO!



BE VERY CAREFUL TO FOLLOW THIS MAP TO DEAD MAN'S COVE--THEN TURN THIS MONEY OVER TO THE KIDNAPER!!



AFTER A HALF HOUR'S WALK COOK NEARS DEAD MAN'S COVE...

LET'S SEE--IT SAYS TO WALK 50 YARDS DIRECTLY NORTH!



THIS MUST BE DEAD MAN'S COVE---



THAT'S QUEER! I EXPECTED TO MEET THE BAT HERE!



DROP THAT MONEY!



ALL RIGHT, MR GRAYSTONE. YOU CHEAP CHISELER. I KNOW YOUR GAME!



THE MINUTE YOU FEARED I'D LEARNED THE TRUTH, ONE OF YOUR SERVANTS TRIED TO CRACK MY SKULL!



DURING THAT PLANE RIDE TODAY I SPOTTED A HANGAR AND LANDING FIELD BEHIND YOUR HOUSE...



PRETTY NEAT THE WAY YOUR "KIDNAPED" SON FLEW A PLANE WITH THAT SHEET OF CLOTH BEHIND IT ON WHICH YOUR SERVANT PROJECTED A FIGURE OF A BAT FROM THAT INFRA-RAY MACHINE IN YOUR LABORATORY.



YOU HAD YOUR SON "KIDNAPED" TO MAKE YOU LOOK LIKE A BAT VICTIM--WHILE YOU TERRORIZED THE COUNTRY FOLK HERE-- THEN YOU COULD BUY UP THEIR LANDS FOR WHAT YOU WANTED TO PAY-- THE JIG IS UP--YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!!



ABDUL THE ARAB

THE
MILITARY
HEAD OF
THE
DISTRICT
HAS
CALLED
IN ABDUL

ABDUL,
I'M GLAD
YOU
COULD
COME!

I AM AT
YOUR SERVICE,
CAPTAIN RIGGS...

WHAT
IS THE
TROUBLE,
SIR?

THE RENEGADE
ARAB BANDS
FROM THE HILLS
ARE CLOSING
IN ON US..

...THEY THREATEN TO WIPE
US OUT IF WE DO NOT
VACATE THE FORT
IMMEDIATELY....

HOW
DO YOU
KNOW
THIS?

THIS NOTE!—IT
WAS FOUND ON THE
BODY OF ONE OF
MY MEN... HE WAS
MUTILATED BEYOND
RECOGNITION...

*Captain— you an your
men leave this ^{action}
for good or you all
suffer same fate!*

AREN'T YOU EQUIPPED
TO FIGHT THEM TO A
FINISH? THEIR OWN
AMMUNITION SUPPLY CAN
NOT BE SO BIG!

THAT'S JUST IT!—THEIR
SUPPLIES SEEM TO BE
INEXHAUSTABLE... AND
IT'S SUCH A MYSTERY
TO ME!

MY MEN REPORT THAT
NO SUPPLIES HAVE GONE
INTO THE HILLS FOR
WEEKS...

ABDUL, I'M STAYING!!
EVEN THOUGH IT DOES
MEAN DEATH!

CAN
YOU
HELP
US?

I'LL DO ALL
I CAN, SIR!

OUTSIDE, ABDUL RELATES THE STORY TO HIS ALWAYS FAITHFUL SERVANT, HASSAN....

SO, THEY MUST HAVE VAST SUPPLIES STORED IN THE HILLS...



...AND TO BEAT THEM, WE MUST GET WITHIN THEIR RANKS AND DESTROY THAT RESERVE!



HOW! - IT IS DEATH TO TRY TO BREAK THROUGH THEIR LINES...

I HAVE A PLAN!



WE WILL GET A PLANE, AND TONIGHT WE WILL FLY OVER THE HILLS.



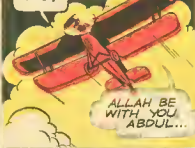
AND THAT NIGHT...

REMEMBER, HASSAN... YOU MUST GET THROUGH THEIR LINES AT ANY COST!

YES, ABDUL...



WE ARE OVER THE HILLS, HASSAN.. I'M LEAVING YOU!



ALLAH BE WITH YOU, ABDUL...



SLOWLY ABDUL GUIDES THE CHUTE TO THE GROUND...

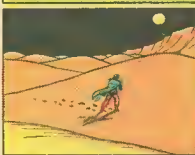
SO FAR SO GOOD!!



MEANWHILE HASSAN HAS LANDED... HE QUIETLY CREEPS UP ON AN OUTPOST SENTRY...

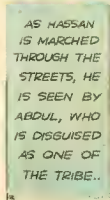
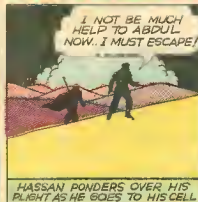
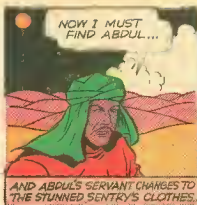


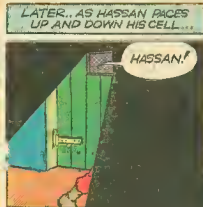
BECAUSE IT MIGHT BE FOUND AND AROUSE SUSPICION, ABDUL BURIES THE PARACHUTE AND STARTS FOR THE TRIBE'S VILLAGE...



I HOPE YOUR CLOTHES FIT ME, DOG!







SPORTRAITS

Leo "Lippy" DUROCHER

MANAGER OF
THE BROOKLYN
DODGERS AND
PROBABLY BASE-
BALLS MOST
COLORFUL
PLAYER!

NOW, I'LL GO OUT
THERE AND
SHOW YOU HOW
TO PLAY!



DUROCHER WAS ONLY 33 YEARS
OLD WHEN HE BECAME
MANAGER OF THE
DODGERS!

HERE'S MY FINE
IN ADVANCE...
I'M GONNA ARGUE
WITH AN
UMPIRE!

LAST SEASON
WAS A VERY
FINE SEASON
FOR LEO... HE
WAS FINED A
TOTAL OF
\$125 FOR SASSING
UMPIRES...



G-GOSH! WHAT WAS
THAT NOISE? DID
I REALLY HIT
IT?

UNTIL 1939
LEO WAS
DUBBED "THE
ALL-AMERICAN
OUT". BUT AS
THE BROOKLYN LEADER
HE SUDDENLY FOUND
HIS BATTING EYE AND
CAME TO BE RESPECTED
AT THE PLATE!

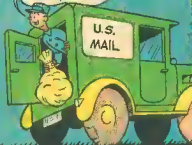


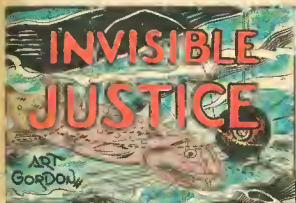
-GILL
FOX-

EACH DAY
DUROCHER
GETS
DOZENS OF
MAILED
REQUESTS FOR
HIS AUTOGRAPH!

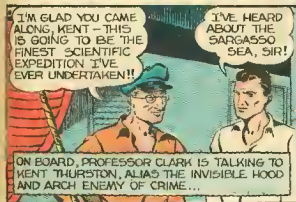
QUICK...
GIVE
IT TO
ME, AND
GET
THAT TRUCK
OFF THE
FIELD!

HERE'S YOUR
DAILY FAN
MAIL, LIPPY!





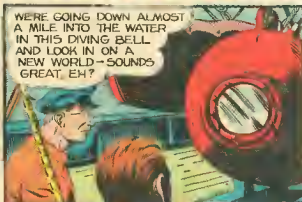
A SMALL SCHOONER SAILS SMOOTHLY ALONG BOUND FOR THE "SARGASSO SEA", KNOWN AS THE "GRAVEYARD OF LOST SHIPS..."



I'M GLAD YOU CAME ALONG, KENT - THIS IS GOING TO BE THE FINEST SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION I'VE EVER UNDERTAKEN!!

I'VE HEARD ABOUT THE SARGASSO SEA, SIR!

ON BOARD, PROFESSOR CLARK IS TALKING TO KENT THURSTON, ALIAS THE INVISIBLE HOOD AND ARCH ENEMY OF CRIME...

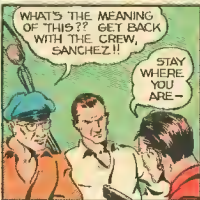


WE'RE GOING DOWN ALMOST A MILE INTO THE WATER IN THIS DIVING BELL AND LOOK IN ON A NEW WORLD - SOUNDS GREAT, EH?



SUDDENLY A MAN STEPS OUT FROM BEHIND THE BELL...

DON'T MOVE, YOU TWO - THIS SHIP IS CHANGING HANDS!



WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?? GET BACK WITH THE CREW, SANCHEZ!!

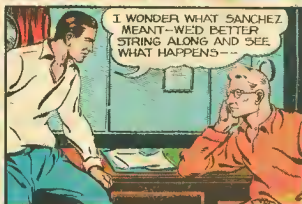
STAY WHERE YOU ARE -



I HAVE PERSUADED THE CREW TO JOIN FORCES WITH ME - I'M RUNNING THIS SHIP FROM NOW ON - YOU CAN MOVE AROUND BUT DON'T TRY ANY FUNNY STUFF!!



FIVE YEARS I'VE WAITED TO GET A CHANCE TO VISIT THE SARGASSO SEA... AND NOW THE TIME HAS COME - I'M GOING TO GET WHAT I CAME FOR - YOU TWO GET BELOW AND KEEP OUT OF SIGHT!!



I WONDER WHAT SANCHEZ MEANT - WE'D BETTER STRING ALONG AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS -

LATER
AS THE
SHIP
ENTERS
THE
SARGASSO
SEA...

OKAY, MEN—HERE'S THE
SPOT!! PUT ON YOUR
DIVING SUITS—WE'RE
GOING DOWN!!

LET'S GO, YOU SWABS—
YOU'RE GOIN' TO
GET TH' SURPRISE
O' YOUR LIVES
DOWN THERE!!

MEANWHILE, ALONE IN HIS
CABIN, THURSTON DONS HIS
HOOD WHICH IS COVERED WITH
A SECRET CHEMICAL THAT
MAKES ITS WEARER INVISIBLE...

AS THE INVISIBLE HOOD COMES
ON DECK...

OH-OH—THERE
THEY GO!!
GOOD LUCK,
BOYS!!

NOW—TO AWAIT
DEVELOPMENTS!

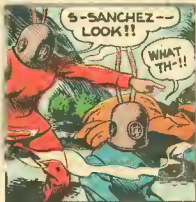
I'LL JUST BORROW
A HELMET
AND FOLLOW
THE BELL—

AT THE AIR PUMP THE CREW
ARE BUSILY WORKING...

USING AN AIR-LOCK, THE DIVERS
EMERGE FROM THE BELL AND
FOLLOW SANCHEZ...

THEY'VE STARTED
DIGGING AT A
CERTAIN SPOT—
HMM—

THEY'VE
FOUND IT!!
GREAT SCOTT—
IT'S AN
IRON BOX—





WHEW--!!
THAT DID IT--
IT'S
DEAD!!



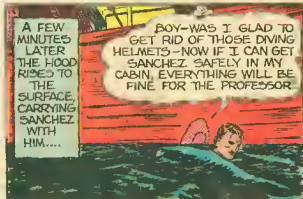
HE'S 'OUT' COMPLETELY--
WHILE HE'S COMING
TO, I'LL TAKE
CARE OF THE
TREASURE!



THERE!! NOW THE TREASURE
IS SAFE BEHIND THIS ROCK
AND NO ONE BUT MYSELF
KNOWS WHERE IT'S HIDDEN!
I'LL COME BACK FOR
IT LATER!!

THE HOOD HACKS AT THE
CREATURE UNTIL ITS TENACLES
LOOSEN...

AS THE MONSTER FALLS DEAD,
THE INVISIBLE HOOD FREES
SANCHEZ...



A FEW
MINUTES
LATER
THE HOOD
RISES TO
THE
SURFACE,
CARRYING
SANCHEZ
WITH
HIM....

BOY--WAS I GLAD TO
GET RID OF THOSE DIVING
HELMETS--NOW IF I CAN GET
SANCHEZ SAFELY IN MY
CABIN, EVERYTHING WILL BE
FINE FOR THE PROFESSOR



WELL--I MADE IT! THE PROFESSOR
WILL BE MIGHTY GLAD
TO HEAR HE CAN
HAVE HIS SHIP BACK!!

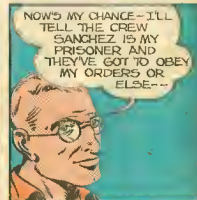


HMM--NOW I'LL
SEE WHAT THE
CREW'S DOING!!
THEN I'LL CALL
ON PROFESSOR
CLARK!!

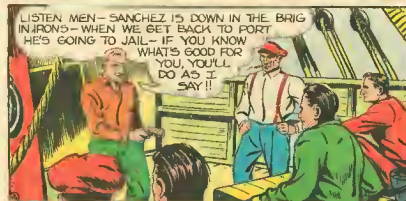


I HAVEN'T SEEN KENT
ALL DAY--I WONDER
WHERE...GREAT
GUNS!!
THERE'S
SANCHEZ!!

AFTER THE HOOD LEAVES,
PROFESSOR CLARK ENTERS
THURSTON'S CABIN...



NOW'S MY CHANCE--I'LL
TELL THE CREW
SANCHEZ IS MY
PRISONER AND
THEY'VE GOT TO OBEY
MY ORDERS OR
ELSE--

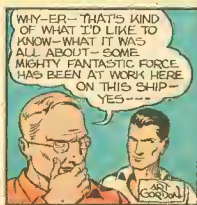
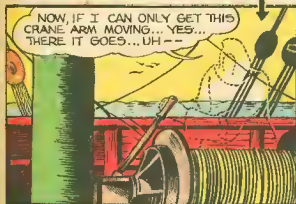
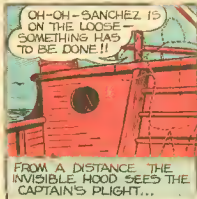
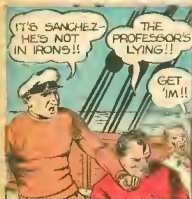


LISTEN MEN--SANCHEZ IS DOWN IN THE BRIG
IN IRONS--WHEN WE GET BACK TO PORT
HE'S GOING TO JAIL--IF YOU KNOW
WHAT'S GOOD FOR
YOU, YOU'LL
DO AS I
SAY!!



DON'T BELIEVE HIM, MEN--
HERE I AM!!! NOW,
PROFESSOR--PUT UP
THAT GUN!!

SUDDENLY SANCHEZ APPEARS
IN THE DOORWAY...



THE SEA BAT

By Robert M. Hyatt

From his single eye, Perry Scott looked out into a murky world and wondered, with a small shudder, if the same fate would overtake him that had snatched Johnson, Grimm and Lopez into eternity.

The greenish light slowly turned to deep violet, then black. Perry snapped on his searchlight. Its powerful beam cut through fifty fathoms of inky water, alive with strange sea creatures. Was it one of these—some terrible sea monster—that had taken the lives of three divers in a week?

The air intake whistled as the pumps forced their supply of life-giving oxygen into the heavy suit. It was bitter cold at this depth. How far down yet must he go to reach the wreck of the *Braden*? Would he find the bodies of the three missing men? The \$50,000 worth of pearls in the strongroom?

A soft far told Perry he was on the bottom. The thousand pounds of lead at his feet made it impossible to walk, but the crane man on the deck far above could swing him in a hundred-foot arc.

"Ahead—easy," Perry ordered. It didn't do to be shifted too fast; you might crash into something.

Perry's light picked out the bulky lines of the *Braden* nearby and he ordered the change in direction. Five feet from the schooner's forecastle he said, "Hold it," into the transmitter. He worked the toggles of his mandibles—giant cutters that were manipulated by squeezing controls from within.

"Ahead—take it slow."

One side of the forecastle was blown out, evidence that there had been an explosion aboard the schooner. Lattimer, the crane man, lifted him into the shattered cabin. A huge rent went down the hull; it was ten feet wide. Perry was lowered gingerly. A fouled line meant death. And, too, there was something down here that murdered men. . . .

Perry gave his instructions, was inched farther into the hull. The beam of his light cut a roving finger through the murk. Farther in. He could make out the steel bulkhead behind which was located the strongroom—and \$50,000 worth of pearls. Twenty minutes with a torch—

"Lattimer! Lattimer!" Perry screamed into the phone. Then the great black shape was upon him. It had come rushing at him out of the darkness—massive head with devilish green eyes spaced twenty inches apart; a body as big as a power launch.

"Lattimer—up!" Perry shrieked as the monster engulfed him in its mighty folds. The impact knocked him down. Great flipper-like wings slammed against him. Out of the single eye of his helmet he glimpsed an enormous mouth.

"Perry!" came the urgent voice of Lattimer. "What's up? Been ringing you—" The words suddenly died. Perry was bowled over. The phone had gone dead. The steady throb of the air pumps had ceased. That meant his line had been cut. Cut! He jerked the hand signal cable. Fouled!

The monster was mauling him, its four-foot jaws clamping down over his copper helmet. If its

enormous teeth happened to find a joint in the suit. . . .

"Lattimer!" Perry choked. The air was getting foul in his suit. Oxygen doesn't last in a dead area. He carried no emergency tank. His searchlight was out. It was pitch dark. His lungs were bursting.

Sparks shot before his eyes, and the dull roaring in his head ended in a violent explosion. Perry came to his senses on the after-deck of the boat. He was breathing blessed air.

"Boy!" said Lattimer, "that was a close one! Just got you up in time—you were out. Couldn't haul you from that depth too fast."

Perry forced a wry grin. "I'd rather have the bends than be in the clutches of—that!"

"What happened, son?"

Perry gave the crew a brief account of his adventure.

"Manta," said Olivas, the Mexican tender.

"Sea bat," Sanderson supplied. "Dirty customers. It got the other three."

"Well," Lattimer said, "that ends our little salvage party. No use tryin' to beat a manta."

Hackett, the other diver, shrugged his shoulders. "You took the words right outa my mouth, Lat," he said with finality.

They were ready to sail by three o'clock. Before they got under way, a yacht hove to a hundred yards away and a small boat put off.

A tow-headed youngster, tanned a deep russet by the Tahitian sun, climbed the ladder and grinned a greeting to Perry Scott.

"I'm Jimmy Christian," he said. "Heard you were working on the *Braden*. Suspected you'd have trouble."

"Yeah," Perry replied "Manta trouble."

Jimmy nodded. "They're bad in these waters. Kill a lot of divers. Well—I've got a proposition. Invented a device I'd like to try against the manta. Brought it along with me."

"You mean," said Perry, "you want a try at the wreck?"

"Sure," the tow-headed youth said. "If you say the word, I'll have my gear brought aboard."

"Go right ahead—but I think you're nuts!"

The gear covered much of the deck. Two strange looking diving suits; a huge steel mesh dome-like contraption. None of it, Perry thought, looked very formidable — not against a giant manta. He said so.

Jimmy grinned. "Maybe not. But I'll guarantee that nothing will swim very near it. . . . Like to go down with me?"

Young Scott was dubious, but the eyes of the crew were upon him. Hackett was grinning slyly.

"Okay," he said. "I'll get into my suit."

"Won't work," Jimmy told him. "Not insulated. I've got an extra for you. Take a look at it."

It looked no heavier than a coverall outfit; less substantial.

"New type of material I've developed," Jimmy explained. "Pressure from within does the trick."

Perry donned the suit feeling something like a fool. Then the copper helmet was screwed over his head. The new suit felt light, allowing freedom for the movement of both arms and legs. The pressure started coming in, filling the strange suit out until Perry knew he must resemble a giant roly-poly. Jimmy stepped into the diving bell through one of the several apertures in its wire sides, and Perry followed. Soon they were being lowered into the greenish depths.

Perry had several moments of regret for his hasty act. He could see Christian three feet away and wondered if they weren't both committing suicide.

"Comfortable?" Jimmy asked over the two-way phone.

"Yeah," Perry replied. "Say, these suits are heated, aren't they?" He felt no cold.

"Electrically," Jimmy told him.

Their weighted feet touched the bottom and Lattimer's voice came over the ship's phone: "Thirty-four fathoms. All well?"

Perry replied, giving instruc-

"Look," Jimmy said.

Several deep sea creatures hovered near the mesh dome. One was a twelve-foot shark. He was turning over for the strike.

"Quick!" shouted Perry. "That's a man-eater!"

"Watch!" Jimmy pressed a button in his hand. The shark leaped as if jerked by a cable. With a tremendous lunge he rose upward, then fell back, dead as the manta. The other creatures floated, belly up, nearby.

"My gosh!" cried Perry. "What do you do?"



tions for the crane's movements, and soon they were being eased into the hull of the wrecked *Braden*. A chill of fear shot up Perry's spine. What would happen? He didn't have to wait long. The great shape rushed out at them, but something checked his headlong dash ten feet from the bell. Their lights played over him, a monster of three thousand pounds. They saw him quiver convulsively. He flopped over, floundered in a violent shudder and sank.

"Dead as a mackerel!" cried Jimmy exultantly into his transmitter.

"Hey!" said Perry. "I don't get it."

"They got a hot bath of electrified water," Jimmy told him. "That's what this bell's for—electro-cutting mantas and things. Works all right, eh?"

"Boy, you've got something!" Perry marveled. "Shocked 'em to death! Well, now we're down here, we might as well get to work on that bulkhead—there's fifty grand in pearls inside. . . . I'll ring Lattimer to send down the torch."

Read **CHIEF JOHN'S LEGACY** in the June issue of **SMASH COMICS**—on sale April 19th.

Interesting People

A NEW TWIST!

**CYCLING
WITH STILTS!
ITS
CREATOR
COLLECTS
\$ 25
PER
DAY!**



**Carl
Strauss**

**STILT WALKING
SIGNMEN BECAME
SO COMMON THAT
THE GAME WAS
RUINED... BUT CARL
STRAUSS OF BERLIN,
GERMANY, HAS
GIVEN IT NEW
LIFE WITH HIS
NOVEL TRICYCLE...**

DOUBLE
OR
NOTHING

JOHN LAW

Scientective

ONE BY ONE, A GROUP OF 13 WEALTHY MEN HAVE BEEN MENACED WITH DEATH, RUIN, OR DISGRACE BY A MYSTERIOUS ENEMY... "THE AVENGER."

JOHN LAW, ...BRILLIANT CRIMINOLOGIST, LAWYER & SCIENTIST, HAS FOILED THE AVENGER SEVEN TIMES.

EVERYONE, EXCEPT LAW, IS SURE THAT ALBERT LEWIS, ONE OF THE GROUP OF 13, IS THE AVENGER!

AS THE STORY UNFOLDS, THE AVENGER'S LATEST ATTEMPT SEEMS TO HAVE MISSED FIRE.

BY
ALBERT
FRANCIS
CUNNINGHAM

GATES, THE MURDER OF THIS POOR FELLOW ENDED YOUR DANGER, IF I KNOW THE AVENGER!

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK SO, LAW?

IN THE OFFICE OF ROGER GATES.

Daily Clarion

MISTAKEN IDENTITY
EXPLAINS MYSTERY
SLAYING OF CLERK

SMITH MISTAKEN
FOR INDIVIDUAL
ALBERT G. GATES.

VICTIM GATES

THE AVENGER'S WACKY MIND WORKS THAT WAY. HE'S KILLED SOMEBODY, AND THAT'LL SATISFY HIM FOR A TIME!

NOW HE'LL MOVE AGAINST HIS NEXT VICTIM!

I ONLY HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT

LAW, ... CAN I BRING SUIT AGAINST LEWIS FOR THE DAMAGE HE'S DONE ME?

OF COURSE YOU CAN!

HOW ABOUT HANDLING THE CASE FOR ME?

I SUPPOSE I CAN, STILL THE WHOLE BUSINESS WORRIES ME!

I GET BURNED UP EVERY TIME I SEE THAT PICTURE OF THE SCOUNDREL!

LEWIS, EH? AND WHO ARE THE OTHERS IN THE GROUP?

ROWAN, THE INVENTOR, MR CARTER, JUNE'S FATHER, AND MYSELF. TAKEN MANY YEARS AGO.

D'YOU MIND IF I TAKE A CLOSER LOOK AT IT?

LAW'S INTEREST IS FOCUSED ON A PHOTOGRAPH IN GATES' OFFICE

H'M...ON SECOND THOUGHT
GATES, I'LL HAVE TO THINK ABOUT
TAKING YOUR CASE AGAINST
LEWIS....

BUT, WHY?

I'LL HAVE TO TELL YOU THAT
LATER,..ANDCAN I BORROW
THAT PICTURE?

SURE! BUT
I CAN'T IMAGINE
WHAT FOR!

WHY JOHN ...THAT'S A PICTURE
OF MR. LEWIS, ...AND
MY DAD TOO!

HOW QUAIN!
YES, JUNE,
AND WILL YOU
GET A PHOTOGRAPH-
ER TO COME RIGHT
OVER?

BACK IN LAW'S LABORATORY-OFFICE

HERE ARE YOUR PICTURES,
MR. LAW,....THEY'RE PRETTY
GOOD FOR A RUSH
ORDER!

FINE!

AND JUST FOUR HOURS LATER.....

THIS CHAP SHOULD BE
ABLE TO DO WHAT
I WANT!

MR. CAMPBELL
ARTIST

ARMED WITH THE PRINTS,
JOHN MAKES A VISIT.....

IS THIS
OKAY, SIR?

FINE,...FINE!
THIS PROVES
I'M RIGHT!

AND,.....A SHORT TIME LATER.

YES, GATES, YOU HEARD CORRECTLY
NOT ONLY DO I REFUSE THE
LEWIS CASE, BUT I'LL OPPOSE
ANY MOVE BY YOU TO
ENTER SUIT!

?

WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, LAW,
...SOLD OUT TO THE OTHER
SIDE?.....WELL, THERE ARE
OTHER LAWYERS!

WHY JOHN?...WHAT CAN YOU
BE THINKING OF?

I'M JUST
BEGINNING TO
SEE LIGHT!

WHAT?...JOHN LAW!...DID YOU
RUN THIS AD?

THAT PERSONAL,
TO THE AVENGER?

...YES!

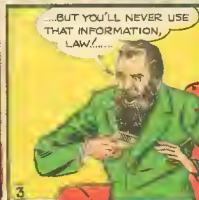
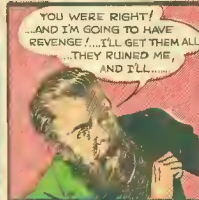
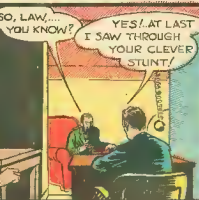
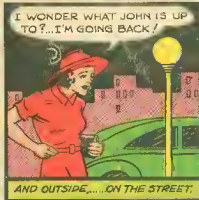
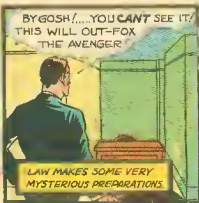
THE NEXT DAY,

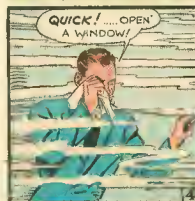
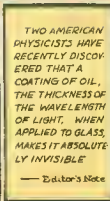
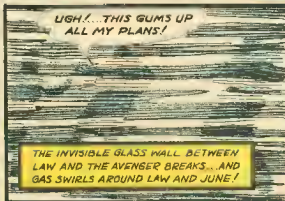
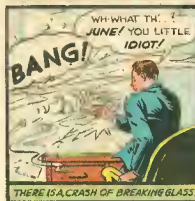
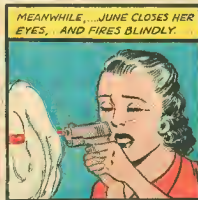
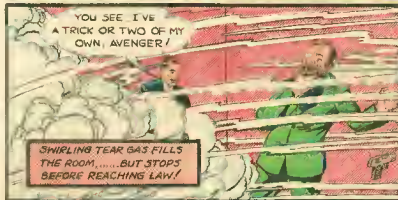
PERSONALS 62 4P
AVENGER....

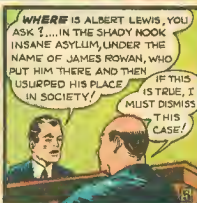
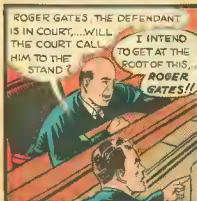
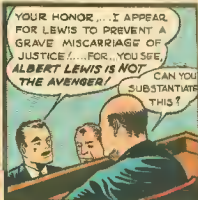
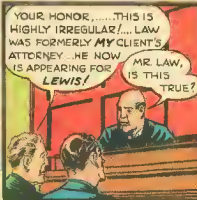
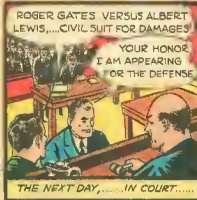
I must see you at
once. Phone me and
we'll arrange a meet-
ing place. I pledge
my word you will
not be trapped.
JOHN LAW.

HAH!...THIS SHOULD PROVE
AMUSING!...I'LL PHONE LAW
AND FIND OUT

AND THE AVENGER SEES THE AD!







WUN CLOO

THE EFFECTIVE DETECTIVE

ATTENTION PLEASE!
WE INTERRUPT
THIS BROADCAST
TO WARN ALL
LISTENERS THAT THE
TING LING'S CIRCUS
GORILLA MAN! ESCAPED
TONIGHT,
AND...

HE IS SAID TO
BE HALF MAN
AND HALF APE--
AND THE
AUTHORITIES ASK
ALL WOMEN AND
CHILDREN TO
REMAIN INDOORS
UNTIL HE IS
CAPTURED...

I MUST
DELIVER
LAUNDRY TO
MRS.
SMALTZ

...FOR SOME
UNKNOWN REASON,
HE IS SAID TO
HAVE A SPECIAL
DISLIKE FOR
CHINESE PEOPLE.
SO ALL CHINESE
CITIZENS ARE
ASKED TO BE
CAREFUL!

SO!

RADIO ANNOUNCEMENT
CLOO'S
NDRY

NOT AT ALL
ENCOURAGING TO
CHINESE
DETECTIVE
WUN CLOO!

BUT CIRCUS GORILLA
MAN IS PROBABLY
A HUNDRED
MILES FROM
HERE!

MRS.
SMALTZ
ASKED ME
TO GET
A CAN OF
BLACK
PAINT AND A
BRUSH ON MY
WAY OVER...

I WILL ADD THE
PRICE OF THE
PAINT AND
BRUSH TO HER
LAUNDRY
BILL.

FEE-FIE-FOE-FAN,
I GOT A CHINAMAN
...EEE!

?

AH! IT'S THE
GORILLA MAN!-I
WILL NOT RESIST
UNTIL I SEE
WHERE HE IS
TAKING ME!

HAPPINESS
CEMETERY

WHAT?
THE
CEMETERY?

EEE! GOTTA GET
FOOD NOW-SO I'LL
PUT POOR
MANS TO
SLEEP!

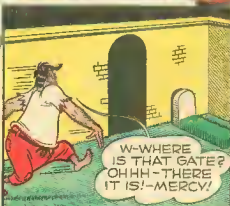


SLOWLY WUN CLOO
REGAINS
CONSCIOUSNESS...

OH-HI-HEAD FEEL
LIKE TRIP THRU
MEAT GRINDER-BUT
NOW IS APE MAN'S

TURN TO BE
ON RECEIVING
END OF
VIOLENCE!

I MUST HURRY BEFORE
HE RETURNS-AH!-THIS
BLACK PAINT I BOUGHT
FOR MRS. SMALTZ IS
COMING IN HANDY!



WINGS WENDALL

by-
VERNON
HENKEL



HEADQUARTERS OF U.S. ARMY
INTELLIGENCE...WASHINGTON, DC

YOU SENT
FOR ME,
SIR?

YES...I HAVE
AN URGENT
MISSION FOR
YOU, WENDALL!



...WE NEED AN AGENT TO
INVESTIGATE FOREIGN
ACTIVITIES IN SOUTH
AMERICA!

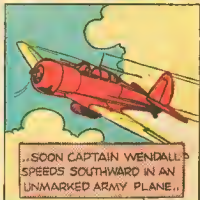
SOUTH
AMERICA?



YES... ACCORDING TO WORD
FROM RIO DE JANEIRO, AN ALIEN
GOVERNMENT HAS
SET UP A HIDDEN AIR
BASE SOMEWHERE
ON THAT CONTINENT



...SOON CAPTAIN WENDALL
SPEEDS SOUTHWARD IN AN
UNMARKED ARMY PLANE..



A FEW HOURS
LATER....



THE PAN-AMERICAN
CLIPPER! AND WHY
ARE THOSE TWO
PLANES FOLLOWING IT?

..SUDDENLY THE STRANGE PLANES
ATTACK THE HUGE FLYING BOAT!



SO THAT'S THEIR GAME!
WELL, I THINK MRS. WENDALL'S
SON WILL HAVE SOME-
THING TO SAY ABOUT
THIS!

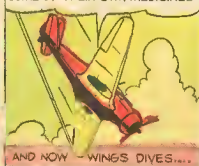


IN THE BIG CLIPPER'S CABIN....

WE CAN'T SURVIVE THIS ATTACK
VERY LONG-KEEP CALLING
FOR HELP!



I'LL GIVE THOSE BABIES
SOME OF THEIR OWN MEDICINE!!

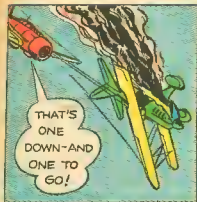


AND NOW - WINGS DIVES....

WENDALL'S DEADLY FIRE
SOON FINISHES ONE OF THE
ATTACKING PLANES...



A Marble River scan



THAT'S
ONE
DOWN-AND
ONE TO
GO!

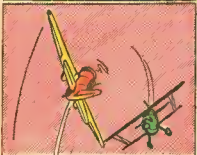
CIRCLING THE REMAINING PLANE
WINGS AWAITS HIS CHANCE...



HMM..THIS GUY IS A SMART
SMARTER FLIER THAN THE
ONE I KNOCKED DOWN...
HE'S ON MY TAIL
NOW!



..BUT A SNAP ROLL PULLS
WINGS OUT OF DANGER...



WELL,I'LL NAIL
HIM THIS
TIME!



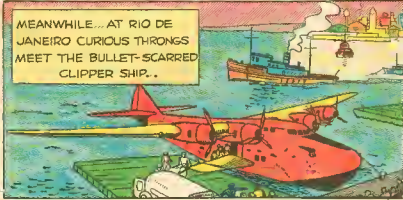
HA..
GOT
HIM!



THAT'S DONE...
NOW ON TO RIO
DE JANEIRO!



MEANWHILE...AT RIO DE
JANEIRO CURIOUS THRONGS
MEET THE BULLET-SCARRED
CLIPPER SHIP..



ON THE FRINGE OF THE CROWD
A SILENT FIGURE LOOKS ON...



SO,THE CLIPPER IS SAFE...
SOMETHING MUST HAVE
GONE WRONG!

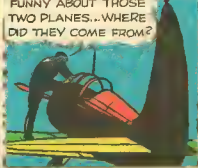
DON, INQUIRE NEAR THE CLIPPER
ABOUT THEIR TROUBLE WHEN
THEY GOT THOSE BULLET
HOLES...I'LL BE AT PIERRO'S!



YES
SENOR!

WINGS ALSO LANDS AT RIO...

FUNNY ABOUT THOSE
TWO PLANES...WHERE
DID THEY COME FROM?



WINGS RUSHES TO THE
BATTERED CLIPPER...



QUICK! TO THE
HOSPITAL!



LATER...IN THE VICTIMS ROOM...

CAPTAIN BREWSTER, DO
YOU KNOW WHY THE
CLIPPER WAS ATTACKED?



YES..I CARRY AN IMPORTANT
MESSAGE TO THE
BRAZILIAN GOVERNMENT!



BUT JUST THEN...

WOULD YOU KINDLY STEP
OUTSIDE A MOMENT, SIR?



NOW..I'LL SHUT THIS
FOOL'S MOUTH...
FOREVER!



OHH! CAPTAIN BREWSTER
IS DEAD!



AS WINGS RUSHES
INTO THE ROOM THE
FAKE "DOCTOR"
SLUGS HIM....



QUICK! TAKE HIM
TO PIERRO'S!



A PRIVATE ROOM AT PIERRO'S...
AND HIDE-OUT OF A SPY RING...

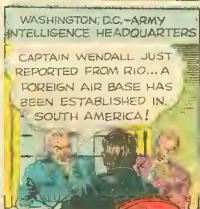
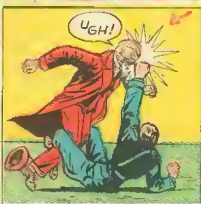


I'LL ASK
THE
QUESTIONS!



WHO ARE YOU...WHAT DO
YOU KNOW OF CAPTAIN
BREWSTER?






THAT AIR BASE MUST BE DESTROYED.. BUT HOW?

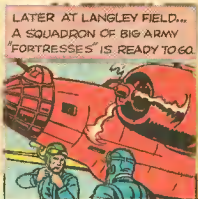
I THINK I KNOW HOW!




...A "GOOD WILL" FLIGHT TO BRAZIL...VIA THE ANDES MOUNTAINS!



LATER AT LANGLEY FIELD... A SQUADRON OF BIG ARMY "FORTRESSES" IS READY TO GO.



...WENDALL WILL MEET US AT LIMA, PERU AND LEAD US TO OUR OBJECTIVE!




THE HUGE SHIPS ROAR INTO THE AIR AND HEAD SOUTH

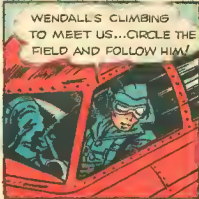


LIMA, PERU...

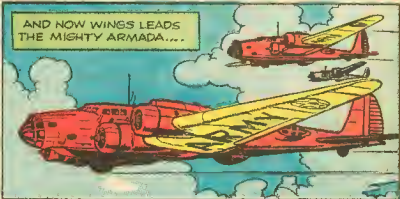
AH...HERE THEY COME...I MUST GET UP THERE TO MEET THEM!




WENDALL'S CLIMBING TO MEET US...CIRCLE THE FIELD AND FOLLOW HIM!




AND NOW WINGS LEADS THE MIGHTY ARMADA...



MEANWHILE...A PLANE FROM RIO LANDS AT THE ALIEN BASE

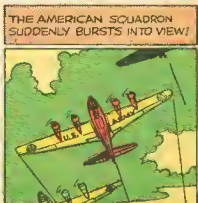


OUR PLANS ARE KNOWN! MAN ALL DEFENSES..HAVE PLANES READY FOR ACTION!



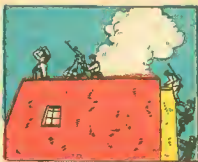
YES SIR!

THE AMERICAN SQUADRON SUDDENLY BURSTS INTO VIEW!



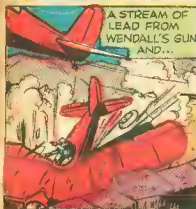
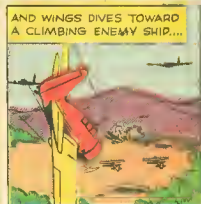
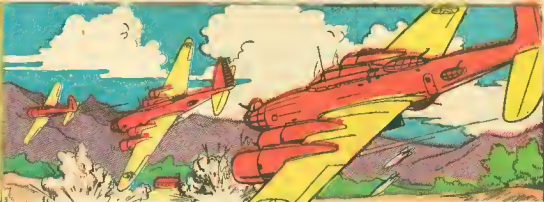


LEADING THE FLIGHT, WINGS
BARKS AN ORDER...

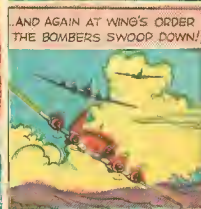


THE ALIEN GUNNERS LEAD
TO THEIR STATIONS...

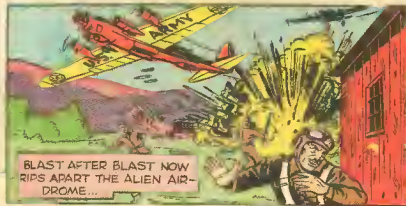
UNCLE
SAM'S
WAR
EAGLES
SWOOP
OUT
OF THE
SKY
AND THEIR
BOMBS
MAKE A
SHAMBLES
OF THE
ALIEN
CAMP..



A STREAM OF
LEAD FROM
WENDALL'S GUN
AND...

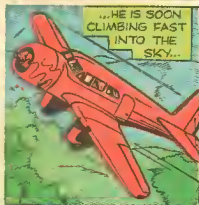
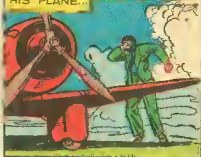


AND AGAIN AT WING'S ORDER
THE BOMBERS SWOOP DOWN!

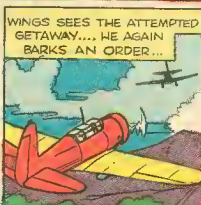


BLAST AFTER BLAST NOW
RIPS APART THE ALIEN AIR-
DROME...

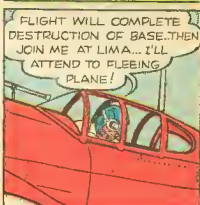
AND FROM THE SMOKING RUINS
THE LEADER STUMBLES TO
HIS PLANE...



...HE IS SOON
CLIMBING FAST
INTO THE
SKY...



WINGS SEES THE ATTEMPTED
GETAWAY.... HE AGAIN
BARKS AN ORDER...

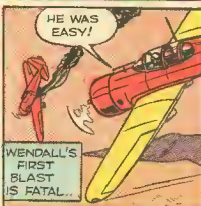


FLIGHT WILL COMPLETE
DESTRUCTION OF BASE...THEN
JOIN ME AT LIMA... I'LL
ATTEND TO FLEEING
PLANE!



N-NO! DON'T
SHOOT! DON'T...

THE FOREIGN LEADER COWERS
IN FEAR AT WINGS' APPROACH...

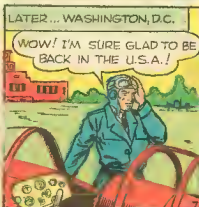


HE WAS
EASY!

WENDALL'S
FIRST
BLAST
IS FATAL...



I GUESS THAT CLEANS
UP OUR SOUTH
AMERICAN MENACE!



LATER... WASHINGTON, D.C.

WOW! I'M SURE GLAD TO BE
BACK IN THE U.S.A.!



NICE WORK, WENDALL... YOU
WERE THE ONLY MAN WHO
COULD HAVE DONE IT LIKE
THAT!



TOO BAD WE
CAN'T GIVE
YOU CREDIT
PUBLICLY!

WELL THAT WAS **ONE**
"GOOD WILL"
FLIGHT THAT
WAS WORTH
WHILE!

WATCH FOR THE FIRST ISSUE OF

CRACK COMICS

Featuring The Clock, The Black Condor, Jane Arden, The Red Torpedo, Molly The Model, The Space Legion, Ned Brant, Alias The Spider, Madam Fatal, Slap Happy Pappy, Lee Preston, Off The Record, Wizard Wells, Rube Goldberg's Side Show, Screen Snapshots and They're Still Talking.

CRACK COMICS will be the most exciting comic magazine now on the newsstands. Buy the May issue from your regular dealer the last week in March.

THE TALE OF THE TROUBLED TWINS



HAL AND AL WERE TWINS ALIKE;
EACH RECEIVED A BRAND-NEW BIKE.
ONE WAS RED AND ONE WAS BLUE.
HOW THEY SHOUTED! WOULDN'T YOU?



AL WAS VERY MYSTIFIED,
'TILL AT LAST, BY CHANCE, HE SPIED
ON HAL'S BIKE A MORROW BRAKE
(HIS WAS OF A DIFFERENT MAKE!)
"NOW," SAID AL, THE SLEUTH, "I SEE,
WHY YOU ALWAYS WIN FROM ME!
MORROW BRAKES ARE PLENTY SLICK
LET'S GO TRADE IN THIS ONE QUICK!"



THO THEIR BIKES SEEMED JUST THE SAME,
(EVEN TO THE MAKER'S NAME),
HAL'S BLUE BEAUTY ALWAYS WON
EVERY CLIMB, OR COAST, OR RUN.



AL WENT TO THE CYCLE SHOP
WITH HIS BIKE AND MADE A SWAP.
BUT NOW EACH RACE ENDS HECK-AND-NECK—
NEITHER WINS!NOW AIN'T THAT HECK?

BE SURE YOUR NEW BIKE HAS A MORROW COASTER BRAKE

Famous for 40 years! Quick stopping, easy
pedaling, long coasting; more ball bearings
(31) than any other brake. Your bicycle
dealer can furnish a Morrow Coaster Brake on any bike—ask for it!



ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION, Bendix Aviation Corp., Dept. 272, Elmhurst, N. Y.

THE Tootsie Roll OF HONOR

Put yourself in these pictures—Open to Everybody

**MOST POPULAR GIRL IN
HER CLASS—**



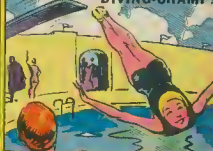
Eats 3 Tootsie Rolls a day

**SLUGGING OUTFIELDER OF
HIS SCHOOL NINE**



A five-Tootsie man

**SHE'S HER CITY'S JUNIOR
DIVING CHAMP**



Eats Tootsie's regularly

**HAS EATEN TOOTSIES ALL
HIS LIFE**



Picked for the All-American
backfield this year



Just get wise to how
good Tootsie's are!

**SOMEDAY HE'LL RUN IN
THE OLYMPICS**



Eats Tootsie's before every race he runs

**HEY! WHAT ARE YOU
DOING HERE?**



You're still a
bit too young
for Tootsie's

**WINS SCHOOL
HONORS
EVERY YEAR**



Sure she's bright—she
eats Tootsie's regularly!

**AND
HERE'S TOOTSIE
ITSELF!**

Now enriched with
DEXTROSE—

**FOR QUICK FOOD
ENERGY!**

**TRY TOOTSIE POPS,
TOO!—8 Grand flavors**



EAT lots of Tootsie Rolls regularly!
They're soft, rich and chewy, with
the most delicious chocolate flavor
ever. That's why one and one half
million Tootsie Rolls are bought daily.
Buy some today!



1¢ AND 5¢

AMERICA'S FAVORITE CHOCOLATE CHEWY CANDY